Princess Iolanda Real Boss Of the Italian Royal Family

Eldest Daughter Has None of Mother's Timidity; Demands Own Allowance and Plans to See World

By Agnes R. Mackenzie

ROME, July 3.

PRINCESS IOLANDA, the eldest child of the King and Queen of Italy, is visiting London. She virtually bosses the entire Italian royal family, including her brother, Prince Umberto. She has inherited her mother's beauty but not her timidity. It was she who planned her trip to England. Being nearly twenty-one, and not having been out of Italy, she told her royal mother that she must get about to see the world.

Probably no commoner's family have lived such a dull life as have the royal children. Their mother was so afraid that they would get wrong ideas of life that she rarely allowed them even to have friends in to tea. As for going to visit the children of her ladies-in-waiting, such an innovation was never even suggested. It was only when the new Governor of the Crown took charge that a change came over the royal household.

Commander Bonaldi, as he was when first he was made aide de camp to the King, and later Governor of the Crown, is a Venetian and a man of good family but not of noble lineage. He became a favorite with the royal children, because he was youngish in years and a cheerful, happy person. They shared his society with that of their brother and whenever they wanted anything they often talked it over with Bonaldi.

Until this year the Queen always ordered clothes for Iolanda, as well as for the other children, but now that Iolanda is grown up she prefers to order her own dresses.

Princess Deals Directly With Tailor in Buying

No doubt the question of a separate allowance for Iolanda might have been held in abeyance had not a letter been received from an Italo-American tailor begging the princess to fill in an inclosed form with her measurements, stating what sort of dress she would like the patriotic overseas tailor to make her. The royal sewing woman was called in and the measurements taken and sent the same day, with a letter from the princess saying that she would like a riding habit, as no one had ever made her one which fitted her perfectly. This step was not according to royal etiquette, as Iolanda should have sent the tailor's application to the secretarial staff of the royal household, who, in turn, would have written a formal note inclosing the measurements. Instead, the princess is modern enough and feminine enough to want to attend to things in a hurry. She and her sisters and her brother all waited anxiously for several months, and Mafalda, who is a terrible tease, worried her poor sister Iolanda because an American tailor had wanted to play a joke on her.

But after three months were over a box was brought to the royal residence, Villa Saboia, outside the Salaria gate, and in it was a wonderful riding habit of covert cloth and also a skirt, in case the princess sometimes rode a side saddle. The suit fitted beautifully and other costumes would no doubt have been ordered, but the tailor refused to accept payment for the habit, insisting that the letter written so kindly and simply by the princess was enough reward. Of course, under the circumstances, the royal princess could not possibly accept further kindnesses.

This bit of independence on the part of Iolanda led her to broach the subject of a separate allowance. The matter was talked over with the friend and counsellor, Admiral Bonaldi (for he had been promoted), and finally the Queen agreed.

Iolanda Goes Shopping On Her Own Account

During the last few months Iolanda has been shopping on her own account and has ordered several dresses, nearly all of them coats and skirts. Her friends say that it is this fondness for coats and skirts which has decided her to order some when she is in London. Until this year she never went to the opera in the evening, as the Queen is a great stay-at-home and prefers visiting hospitals and charitable institutions during the daytime, which leaves her ready to retire early at night.

This clustering around the home hearth is not at all to the taste of Princess Iolanda and her sister, Mafalda. They have gradually taken to going to the theater, accompanied by ladies-in-waiting. As no royal balls have been given for seven years, neither has been introduced to the inner circle of society, which is their right, but it is certain that next winter Iolanda must have a coming out party, and Mafalda, too, will be introduced.

Society is not much in either of these girls' life, as they have been brought up to love the open air. Whenever they have a chance they go motoring around the country with only a gentleman in waiting and a chauffeur. The latter has little to do, as Princess Mafalda has already been given her permit as chauffeuse and a very clever one she is. Any visitor to Rome can see her of an afternoon driving about the Villa Borghese and the Pincio, in her little two-seater, with a small seat in the rear for the attendant.

Princess Giovanna, the third daughter, is next to Princess Iolanda, the beauty of the family. She lacks the energy of the two older girls and is fond of embroidery and reading. She, too, has been taught tennis and riding, but is a bookworm like her father.

Princess Maria, the baby of the family, is the favorite with her brother, the Crown Prince, who plays with her many a game of croquet. She is the one delicate member of the family and has been ordered by the doctors to take a cure by the sea. The Queen, not wishing to go too far away from her home, chose Civitavecchia, where Prince Odescalchi has a villa, built on a cliff overlooking the sea. The royal couple, of course, could have gone into residence near Pisa, but as they are going to Denmark to return the visit paid last year by the King and Queen of Denmark, they decided that Civitavecchia, being nearer, was the ideal spot, as it is within motoring distance of Rome.

Crown Prince Umberto Most Important of Family

The most important member of the royal family is the Crown Prince Umberto, who, during the last few months, has been visiting the different provinces so that the Italian people may become acquainted with their future king. He has made a decidedly favorable impression on the people. His smile has captured their fancy, and wherever he goes even though it is shopping in Rome, his motor car is surrounded by admiring crowds, anxious to see him at close range. In the royal entourage he also is very popular, though he, too, has led a very quiet life and has never become intimate with the sons of the gentlemen and ladies-in-waiting. From a very timid boy he has grown into a young man ready for his future job. His father considers him suitable to take his place, and would willingly abdicate, but this, too, would be a disappointment to the people, who admire the patriotism and simplicity of the "first citizen" of Italy.

Even those who consider a monarchy an obsolete institution are united in admitting that though Victor Emmanuel is a king couldn't be a better head of the state though he were a president.

"We have nothing against our King, and feel it would be a mistake to change him for an ordinary man, who would surely look only to his own interests," I have often heard peasants and workmen say.

Diets for Character

An English scientist insists that food produces a definite effect on the character and the nature of the consumer, and this view is shared by many others. Thus the consumption of beef is said to make men energetic and courageous, of pork pessimistic and melancholic, of lamb very unhappy and of veal lax and restless. If this physiologist is to be believed, the female sex should be urgently recommended to the consumption of milk and eggs, since both these are said to produce a gentle, truly feminine nature, together with intellectuality and a soft, delicate skin.

On the other hand, excessive consumption of butter makes phlegmatic men, who have a horror of every physical effort and ultimately fall into an apathy from which they can rise only with difficulty. For mental workers apples eaten in great numbers are very beneficial. Memory is preserved to a very old age by the consumption of sharp mustard. He who constantly consumes fish grows sad and idiotic. Potatoes eaten in great quantity call for a feeling of infinite ennui, physical and mental inertia. The same is true of all kinds of vegetables, which only in combination with meat and frequently varied exert a beneficial influence upon character, mind and body.

Hunt for Jimmy Glass Continues Among the Gypsy Bands of Porto Rico

Island Searched Following Report of Child Resembling Lost Lad Seen With Nomads

By Caroline Appleton Dawes

SAN JUAN, Porto Rico, July 5.

"STOLEN—by gypsies!" Here is the keynote of a hue and cry that has survived the ages, mysterious and alluring, firing the imagination of the crassest modern scoffer. The man who is cold to sensational news, who is unconcerned with the morbid details of murder, suicide, white slavery and dope, and even the blasting hazard of a street accident, thrills over the ancient alarum of a gypsy kidnaping.

Little James Douglas Glass, stolen from his parents in Greely, Pa., in 1915, has been veiled in mystery as dark and romantic as was ever the theft of a duke's son, shouted through the streets of an early English hamlet by a town crier, or the tiny daughter of a Hungarian nobleman searched for through the forbidding mountains of southeastern Europe. The gypsy race is worn smooth and elusive by ages of roving, and nearly impossible to apprehend. Striking though their racial characteristics, easy of recognition, impossible to forget though the scenes of a gypsy encampment may be, they can move on and vanish in a night—in an hour—and leave no trace.

In the course of seven years Charles Glass, of Jersey City, has searched tirelessly for his lost child, in every country which possesses police operatives. His wife has hovered on the brink of a complete prostration, now aroused by some nearly certain clew, now bitterly disappointed at the complete refutation of a report which had held out every hope of recovery of her boy. Of all these rumors, some of which have proved to be sound links in a chain of evidence, probably the most tantalizing and elusive is now being followed in Porto Rico, where there are many persons who claim to have seen and identified little Jimmie Glass within the last few weeks, traveling with a band of gypsies answering in every particular the description of the Costello family, who are supposed to have taken the child and who are described in the circular issued by Mr. Glass and John Bentley, Director of Public Safety for New Jersey, who has interested the Department of Justice in Washington in the case and appealed to Senator Edge, of New Jersey, and the insular police officials of San Juan, Porto Rico.

Costellos Elude Police In World-Wide Search

The Costellos, leaders of a gypsy band, have bobbed up in police reports and immigration records all over the world and have slipped through the fingers of the authorities in every case. Any clue to their whereabouts that is delayed in transmission is very nearly useless and an unfotunate delay which has occurred in the official bureaucracy of Porto Rico, enabled the gypsies to move on before a warrant could be issued for their apprehension.

The cablegram received by Mr. Bentley on June 7, stating that the gypsies, accompanied by a child answering the description of Jimmie Glass, lived near Aguadilla, Porto Rico, and signed Ismael Calderon, was challenged by the authorities in Porto Rico, and during a controversy over the truth of Calderon's statement the gypsies disappeared from the neighborhood where Calderon claimed to have seen them, and presumably took refuge in the hills. The insular police and other officials of the insular government are hard at work repairing the damage done by the delay, but the gypsies and the child are still at large, although it's extremely improbable that they have found it possible to leave the island.

Examination of official records reveals that Mr. Bentley appealed to the authorities here as far back as April, when he received the first intimation that the gypsies might be in Porto Rico, but that nothing was done to locate or apprehend them until the Department of Justice cabled United States Attorney Ira K. Wells and The Tribune cabled Chief of Police Bennett. The Calderon boy was severely questioned and produced witnesses to testify to the veracity of his statements. He comes of a well known family in Aguadilla and is studying in preparation to enter the University of Porto Rico, after which he hopes to go to the United States and enter a university there. He is anxious to obtain the $500 reward offered by the Glass family to aid him in his ambition and has already spent considerable sums, borrowed from his elder brother, in tracing the Costellos from town to town along the Porto Rican coast. He wants to be permitted to join in the police search and is much worried over the disappearance of the gypsies, whom he had hoped to produce immediately in corroboration of his claims to the identification of Jimmie Glass. Young Calderon's statement is signed by himself and three witnesses, and reads as follows:

Boy Seen With Gypsies In February of This Year

"About the month of February of this year a party of gypsies were living north of Aguadilla, about a mile away. As I am always riding my bicycle and used to go through this place about two or three times a week, I stopped several times and made friends with the gypsies and the little boy. I remember that they said the little boy was not their son. I noticed, too, that the boy had no resemblance to them. The boy was called by the name of Steve. He was about twelve years old, about fifty-four inches high had blue eyes and light hair and nearly always his clothes were dirty. He was in good health. I spoke to him many times and he showed himself to be very smart. He spoke to me in English in a strong voice. He also spoke Spanish but very little and with very much difficulty. The little boy believes that the gypsies are his father and mother. Every time he came to town with his father he was given a quarter to buy candy. They liked him very much and treated him good. When his father was out the little boy was kept in care of his grandfather and was not allowed to go far from the tent.

"The party of gypsies lived in a tent. They used no beds, but instead slept on big pillows. When he was at this place (Aguadilla) he (Nicholas Cruz) bought a very old Ford car which he himself drove skilfully. He had auto licenses from several states and one from Porto Rico. He had an accident with his Ford and was arrested here in Aguadilla, and in the trial he presented a passport from Jersey City with a photograph attached of himself, the little boy (Glass) and the rest of the party. He says that his name is Miguel Costello. He also calls himself Ristel Costello. He was about thirty-seven years old, dark complexion, about five and a half feet high and had a dark mustache turned downward. He spoke English and Spanish. I never saw him working, but he was always well dressed. He wore a silk shirt with small gold coin buttons. I went with him one night to the moving pictures and he paid for my ticket. He always had money in his pocket.

"I know that he offered a lady near his tent $500 for her little girl, but she refused to sell her. His upper front teeth are all of gold except one. He said he was married. His wife used to tell fortunes and make plenty of money in this neighborhood. She came to town nearly every day. She wore aluminum medals of occult sciences; also she dressed herself in very bright colors, such as dark yellow and a big red handkerchief on her head or about her collar. She charged fifty cents for telling the fortune of one person. She went with a little girl with blond hair.

"John Cruz, father of Nicholas Cruz, was called Georgino. He was always dressed in dirty clothes, smoked a straight pipe and wore a felt hat. His face was pale and his hair was getting gray. Also he had a mustache. He was about fifty years old. When the gypsies were out he was kept in charge of the tent.

"This party of gypsies left this place about four months ago. They are always wandering from one place to another in their Ford car. They never live in the town; they always live in the country, and it is very difficult to trace them. The advertisement of the Chief of Public Safety of Jersey City was placed after they left this town. On June 7 I was informed by the Chief of Police of Barceloneta that the party of gypsies were on the road between Barceloneta and Manati. I took an automobile, for which I paid twenty dollars, and went as far as Manati, but as the gypsies keep away from the road as much as they can we could not find them along the road that day.

"I am perfectly sure that the party of gypsies is the same which stole the boy James Douglas Glass, of Jersey City, and advertised in all the postoffices of the island. I think and have no doubt that they are still on the island. The party of gypsies was last seen near Caguas a week ago, which proves that they are in the center of the island, where they can easily hide in the mountains. I hope that same will be captured soon. The persons signing below saw the gypsies personally and recognized they are ones advertised.

"(Signed) ISMAEL CALDERON.

"P. O. Box 128, Aguadilla, Porto Rico, June 29, 1922.

"Witness:

"MONSERRATE RUE.

"LUIS CALDERON.

"RAMON GUERERRA."

One member of the band of gypsies led by the Costellos has been located in the San Juan penitentiary serving a five-year term for burglary. This man, Domingo Semidei, alias Guiterrez, alias Chino, suddenly has become violently insane, and cannot supply the authorities with any lucid information concerning himself or his friends who may have custody of the Glass child. He is a driver and mechanic, and has been arrested in company with Costellos at various times for speeding. Once in the vicinity of Ponce, the southern part of the island, last January. At that time the Costellos were not under suspicion by the police, and a cursory examination of them, filed with police records, made note that the man Costello stated they had just arrived from Venezuela and were awaiting transportation to Cuba. This may have given rise to the theory that they are now in Cuba, but the rumor cannot be traced to any logical basis. The boy Calderon's statement that the gypsies were seen in the neighborhood of Caguas last week (near San Juan) is substantiated by various persons, none of whom, however, had the perspicacity to report their information to the police.

Ismael Calderon

At Aguadilla, Porto Rico

Mysterious Costello Family Identified With Wanderers Supposed to Hold Boy

British Call for Warplanes No Surprise to Government

Outcry Raised Over "Defenseless London" Needed to Stimulate Aerial Activity, Say Leaders

LONDON, July 5.

EVER since the armistice, Admiral Sir Percy Scott has been informing the British public that wars of the future will be won in the air.

"What use is a battleship?" he taunted the Admiralty; and, as no reply was forthcoming from that exalted quarter, he quoted with evident relish the answer which, he said, a midshipman had given him:

"No damned use at all!"

Until about a week ago, Sir Percy was almost alone in his crusade against capital ships. Then he received aid—indirectly, to be sure—from an unexpected quarter. Several London newspapers suddenly discovered that Britain's flying forces were shockingly inadequate. The public was forthwith bombarded morning and afternoon with figures showing that Great Britain ranked away down among the also-rans, somewhere behind Czecho-Slovakia, and similar countries, with regard to military and naval aviation. Lurid pictures were drawn of new European wars, with London being reduced to ruins and its millions exterminated within twenty-four hours of a declaration of hostilities. People who remember very vividly the crash of bombs and the rattle of shrapnel about them during the air raids of the World War were assured that those raids were child's play to those that would be employed in the next war.

The furor that was raised was of such proportions that various government officials issued more or less vigorous defenses of their policies.

Arguments By Press For Larger Air Force

The points made by the section of the press, which began the agitation for a larger air force were divisible into two main categories. The first argument was that, while Britain had fewer military airplanes than France, the planes were moveover scattered throughout the British Empire, so that within the respective territories of Britain and France the number of squadrons was twelve and 220. The second contention was that, while Continental countries could add heavily to their potential air strength by subsidizing commercial airplanes, Britain had not done this to any great extent.

Air Marshal Trenchard, replying to the first complaint at a public dinner, admitted that the Royal Air Force establishment in these islands was small, but contended that it was extremely efficient, and capable of rapid and almost unlimited expansion. The newspapers retorted by declaring that the most modern type of plane possessed by the Royal Air Force had a speed of 130 miles an hour; while such machines as the Bamel could do 212.

"Furthermore," they said in effect, "the airplane works all have shut down or are going out of business. By the time you can collect sufficient planes and pilots—for land defenses are practically useless against bombing raids—a future war will have been lost."

Captain F. E. Guest, Secretary of State for Air, in reply to a question in Parliament, stated that the numbers of civil aircraft borne on the French, Belgian and Dutch registers were on May 1, 1922, 598, 39 and 15, respectively. Germany, he also said, had 225 airplanes available for air traffic; while he estimated the American total at 1,200.

"In the absence of any authoritative statement by the governments concerned," he added, "it would be impossible to say what proportion of these planes would be of value for fighting or air-training purposes; but it is probable that the number fit for modern warfare is small."

Other members of the government pointed out that, with the exception of the services to the Continent, there is little opportunity in England for the development of air lines. Distances are too short, and railway services are too well organized.

Government Now Admits It Was Not Napping

Then, coincidently with the announcement by the Rolls-Royce Company that it would have to close down its Derby airplane works unless more orders were forthcoming, Major General Sir Frederick Maurice made the interesting revelation that "proposals for an increase in the air force had got beyond the stage of preliminary consideration before the present outcry began."

Probably in any other country on earth the government, had the facts of the case been such as they now appear to have been in Britain, would have met the first outcry by replying something like this:

"Gentlemen, the situation which you describe is out of date. We have already taken up the matter of the increases you suggest."

That is not the British way. The officials complained, hedged and explained and sidestepped after the manner detailed above. Then, when the agitators had got it pretty firmly established that the royal air force wasn't on the job at all, the government let it be known—but always indirectly—that it hadn't even been napping, much less asleep.

Somehow or other, also, just the suspicion of a hint got abroad that many firms would not be averse to helping out the government in a program of civil aviation if—and this is the point—the use of commercial machines could be secured at a low figure. General Maurice laconically added to his translation the following:

"The prime object of this agitation is to obtain increased subsidies for civil aviation on the grounds that this will give us a much needed reserve for home defense.

"It won't.

"The whole tendency of progress has been to differentiate more and more between civil and military airplanes. We should obtain to-day much better value for military purposes by adding to our air force squadrons than by subsidizing civil aviation."

This, of course, is by no means the last word. The advocates of subsidies to commercial aircraft companies will contend vigorously that trained pilots are as valuable in time of war as trained merchant sailors are to the navy. Some official will reply that there are thousand of ex-air force pilots available for emergencies. The counterclaim will be that these men are out of training, have become domesticated—et cetera.

Meanwhile Admiral Sir Percy Scott, who wants more planes for the navy, says nothing. Perhaps he believes that if the government actually has anticipated the popular outcry, his own private agitation may have had something to do with it.

Boomerang Propaganda

Much comment has been aroused in France by the screen version of Blasco Ibanez's "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," already long familiar to American audiences. As Ibanez was strongly anti-German during the war, and as his great romance was most sympathetic toward France and the Allies, it was expected that the moving picture would be like the book. "But," says "L'Illustration," "it is not so. The Frenchmen in the scenes are shown in a bad light, while the Germans are provided with all the solid family virtues on which they vaunt themselves. Nothing is more disagreeable than being betrayed by one's friends. But instead of being angry, we must reflect. If we ourselves, by an inconsiderate literature, had not given an unfavorable idea of French customs such errors would not be committed."

"Now we have received," continues "L'Illustration," "from one of our readers at Los Angeles a letter which brings us interesting information about the way in which the film of 'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse' was conceived and made.

"According to our correspondent, who seems particularly well informed on cinematographic matters, the film in question cannot be said to be American, but German-American. All those who executed it are of German origin, and it was just one of the wiles of German propaganda to take for its use the novel of Blasco Ibanez, whose pro-Ally tendencies were universally known. Through a perfidious deformation of the characters they wanted to obtain the inverse result by using, for the detraction of France, a film that would have all the appearance of sympathy toward her.

"If this interpretation is correct we may rejoice at it. We were afraid that the Americans did not understand us, but when they misrepresent they do so, it seems, conscientiously. But then the Americans should not be blamed for it, but the Germans who conceal themselves under the American label. So much the better; for it is preferable to be attacked by an enemy than to be misunderstood by a friend.

"As to the 'Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse,' a paper of the United States, 'The Times-Picayune,' of New Orleans, assures us that, taken altogether, this film exhibited during the war, was received by the Americans in a very good spirit, and that it excited their indignation against the Germans whose deeds of violence it showed in the invaded regions. Has the German propaganda by an excess of zeal rendered a bad service to its own cause?"

Echoes from Abroad

At a Russian Restaurant

Those who lament the closing of their favorite restaurant and decry the changes that have come upon the dining habits of the American public would do well to observe what has befallen the catering trade in Soviet Russia. The "Roul," a Russian paper printed in Berlin, publishes a most suggestive "document in the case" in the form of the facsimile of a menu of the Empire restaurant of Moscow.

The first feature of this establishment is that it does not open before 11 o'clock at night. The second is the extraordinary variety of its bill of fare, which offers its nocturnal guests exactly 102 dishes. It must be said that a forced diet of four years has told upon Russian stomachs and that such an alimentary abundance is not calculated to displease them.

To enter into the details of the menu offered by the Empire to the Muscovite gastronomers several columns would be needed, the more so since more than half of the dishes are unknown to American palates.

Let us take those which will less surprise a Parisian or American epicure if suddenly transported to Moscow and see how much it would cost him.

Here are, first of all, the famous "zakouski," the uncontested glory of the Russian table, savory and multiple hors d'œuvres. Bolshevism has changed nothing in them save the price. A slice of smoked salmon costs two million rubles; a pullet wing a la mayonnaise, two million and a half; a slice of ham two millions. You can also have cheese for one million; creamed mushrooms, eggs cocotte (i. e., stewed eggs served in the casserole) or sauerkraut for two millions. The cheapest zakouska—a cucumber—costs only 750,000 rubles.

Let us pass to meat dishes. They mostly bear French names, and, taking as a guiding mark the franc, equal to 100,000 rubles (in America rubles are worth nothing), it will be easier to form an idea of their price. For 3,000,000 rubles the diner of the Empire can offer himself a filet saute Lucullus, and for 2,000,000 rubles either a beefsteak with potatoes or an entrecôte maître d'hotel. He must add 500,000 rubles if he wants a garnished cutlet.

The dessert is not cheaper; a portion of fruit salad is marked with 3,000,000 and an apple dumpling with 2,000,000.

As to the wine card, it does not exist. Not that one cannot get at the Empire various alcoholic drinks, but the management prefers not to fix the prices beforehand. For things of such importance the price is not under several millions. By way of consolation the restaurant offers soft, soothing drinks. Coffee costs 500,000 rubles, tea only 300,000. But if you ask with the tea a slice of lemon the price is doubled.

If one considers that the ordinary Russian citizen earns at most 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 rubles a month, one will understand that he does not often dine at the Empire café-restaurant.

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The "Endless Chain"

The opinions of bilious and dyspeptic persons are proverbially acrid and pessimistic, though sometimes instinct with truth. Thus the chief of a bureau in the Bulgarian Ministry of Finance is quoted in the "Echo de Bulgarie" by a friend as remarking:

"Exchange! It is the biggest of humbugs! It is—as its name sufficiently indicates—the infernal invention of the bankers, who profit by it without believing in it. It is the source of the most lucrative speculations. But it is not this alone. It is the dirtiest trick ever played on the employees of the state."

"Won't you explain"——

"It's very simple. The rate of exchange affects only the functionaries. For all other citizens it is reduced to a problem of multiplication. Have articles of manufacture risen in price by 3,000 per cent? The peasant then immediately raises the price of his products by 3,500 per cent. The cost of food being thus higher, the workingman asks an increase of 4,000 per cent, which compels the manufacturer to raise the price by 5,000 per cent. If one multiplies his former prices by thirty, the other multiplies them by thirty-five, the third by forty, the fourth by fifty, and so on, until the first sees himself forced to catch up with the last. And then the whole thing starts anew. But we, unfortunate functionaries, have nothing to multiply unless it be our offspring. As you see me, I am the father of seven children, all boys, and the eighth is on the way. As soon as they are twelve years old I'll mobilize them and declare civil war on the government. For, pretending to believe in the rate of exchange, it encourages speculation and itself multiplies everything that passes between its hands, save the pay of its employees."

Russian Humor

The Russian people are generally regarded as lacking in humor; when they do manifest something like humor it is so mixed with pathos that it resembles a smile seen through tears. At the present time, certainly, because they are suffering the most pitiable and tragic lot of all peoples, there is little opportunity for them to attempt humor. Yet some of them freely indulge in satirical merrymaking at the expense of the rest of the world. Thus the Russian paper "Izvestia" publishes humorous and sometimes appropriate comments upon Genoa and the peoples there represented. Thus:

"America.—There lived once in Europe a poor, unfortunate man who called himself Christopher Columbus. Whatever he did was pursued by bad luck. In an hour of despair he resolved to wreak vengeance on Europe. He went and discovered America. In Genoa they erected a monument to this terrible man, and in order to celebrate this event there the present convention was assembled.

"England.—The country of Shakespeare and Lloyd George. The former was an actor; the latter is likewise one. The former was a creator of world historical dramas; the latter would likewise be one. The former made 'Much Ado About Nothing'; the latter likewise. The former raised the question, 'To be or not to be?' before which the other, too, has placed himself. The only difference between the two is: Shakespeare created for himself a place in history; Lloyd George has offered it violence.

"The Great Entente.—A conspiracy of three whales which hope to swallow at least one Bolshevist Jonah.

"The Conference of Genoa.—The first anniversary on the battlefield after the World War.

"Peace.—A fig leaf out of which Europe would like to have a garment cut for itself.

"German-Russian Treaty.—Old Nestor forecast it with the words: 'While the parents were seeking a husband for her the daughter made them the unpleasant surprise of giving birth to a healthy boy.'"

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The Kaja-Kaja

The French missionary Father Neyens, writing from New Guinea, describes some curious habits of the natives of that country.

These savages, strong and courageous, paint their foreheads and noses red or black and surround their eyes with white or yellow circles. They adorn their nostrils with the claws of birds of prey or the tusks of wild hogs. In their ears they suspend the most curious objects; thus, Father Neyens saw one wearing an old coffee spoon.

The body is tattooed and covered with figures in relief. To apply these they undergo the most excruciating operations. Stretched on the sand, the patient is lacerated with a bamboo, which causes acute pains. The furrows traced in the flesh are filled up with clay and loam, so as to leave deep scars.

The Kaja-Kaja never bathe. By way of compensation they rub the body with all kinds of unguents, so that they always emit an unbearable odor, which is increased by a piece of decomposed flesh carried on the arm.

From the Earth to the Moon

M. Esnault-Pelterie, of the Paris Aero Club, predicts that the utilization of the intra-atomic energy will enable men in the near future to travel from the earth to the moon in forty-nine hours. The first thirty-one minutes, it seems, will be very agreeable, but during the forty-nine hours and twenty-nine minutes of the second part of the course one will have the sensation of a terrible fall in the void.

And this reminds one of the charming story told by Mark Twain:

One morning when standing at the window he perceived a human body falling through the air.

"How do you do?" asked Mark Twain gracefully.

"So far," the other replied, "I'm all right. But when I reach the ground floor it will be all wrong!"

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The Calisthenics of Relativity

Professor Einstein was recently expounding his theory of relativity to an audience on the left bank of the Rhine, and as the majority of his hearers were women he deemed it necessary to use the simplest of illustrations. He declared that the system of co-ordinates finds its most perfect realization "in the act of a man who succeeded in taking off his waistcoat without removing his coat."

This simple manner of illustrating such an abstract theory was keenly appreciated, and at night at home the few gentlemen who had attended the 5 o'clock lecture, to realize relativity, tried to take off their waistcoats without removing their coats.

It is not told how they succeeded!